THE 14 LEAFLET — SPRING 1937

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CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB
Official address - 6417 S. California av., Att: Lalton Letzer.
Staff; Walter L. Dennis, William Dellenback - Editorial

CLUB NOTE

In line with the new policy of the Chicago Science Fiction Club, formerly known as the Chicago Chapter, Science Fiction League, meetings will be held quarterly as decided upon by the membership. Also, the publication of the Fourteen Leaflet will be continued on a quarterly basis, matching the meetings. Single copies will be furnished gratis to each member as before, and one extra copy for member-contributors whose material is accepted for publication. All contributions should be sent to Lalton Letzer, and all inquiries as to meetings or other information about the club should be addressed to or handled through Harold Dittman, 555 Elmwood av., Evanston.

EDITORIAL

Perhaps the most impressive point of immediate interest to science fiction fans everywhere is the brilliant work being accomplished by the fans in England through the medium of the British Science Fiction Association. Already this year English fans have held a convention, which took place on January 3 in Leeds. The convention idea has been discussed in America since 1927 when the Science Correspondence Club, later the original International Scientific Association, which has no connection with the fan club of the same name headed by William Sykora, first proposed such a convention for Chicago. Latest modifications of it locate the fair either in San Francisco in 1938 or in New York in 1939.

This is a fine idea and the Chicago Science Fiction Club is behind it, but of immediate interest to us is: "What and why happened to the Science Fiction League?" THRILLING WONDER STORIES apparently is dropping the league slowly and gracefully despite Leo Margulies' promises. At present there are only five active chapters remaining from an original list of forty-odd. The situation speaks for itself. Apparently unless we are to take matters into our own hands, England will show us the way to definite, permanent, worthwhile fan activity and promotion.

Which brings to mind the numerous amateur fan publications and clubs that spring up and wither away in a few months' time [illegible]. There are approximately twenty fan clubs in America at present. Many of them bear names and ideals as flowery and as short-lived as adolescence. Risking much adverse criticism from these clubs and [illegible] individuals, we, more than thirteen years now, have participated in science fiction movements in Chicago and throughout the world. In the active field of fans, to the knowledge of the two long-time members in Chicago, only Raymond A. Palmer has seen service for this length of time purely as a fan. This long experience leads us to consider that we are qualified to ask the science fiction fans of America to get together and form one concrete, sound organization, with a single set of ideals and purposes, and with all personalities and silly eccentricities eliminated. It perhaps is too much to expect, certainly we have evidence of several agents who never would consider the idea. But how about the real, live-wire fans? What do you say?

Editorial continued:

We do not have in mind central control, one set of national officiers, or anything is archaic as that. We are science fiction fans and are far ahead of such puny forms of human relationships as democracy, anarchy, monarchy, or what is your favorite government. We suggest that the word "fluid" be the greatest part of such an organization. The individual chapters of it could run their own affairs, make their own additional creeds of purpose and operation, endeavoring to avoid clash with the national purpose wherever possible. In short, the Science Fiction League idea without the red tape and letterhead officials. Each chapter could publish its own bulletin, and exchange could be made with other chapters. But enough, those who we wish to affect with this editorial will have been affected by now; it only remains to see what can be done. We bear no torch here in Chicago, we do not wish lordership, and we do not want comments from anyone not interested in science fiction for the sake of science fiction. We do offer co-operation free of commercialization, suggestions where asked, and help where needed.

PHOTOS

We present with this issue a full page of pictures of some of the members of the Chicago Science Fiction League charter members. Some of them are no longer members of the present Chicago Science Fiction Club, but all of them have played important parts in its development, and several of them are known by name wherever science fiction is read. This page is our way of illustrating how the Chicago club maintains its purposes and keeps its members.

The identities are as follows: 1. Milton Latzer 2. Jack Darrow 3. Howard Funk 4. John Bauer 5. Nick De Jack 6. Harold Dittman, Jr. 7. William H. Dollenback 8. Paul McDermott 9 Al Feder 10. Harry Boesel 11. Art Hermann and Walter L. Dennis at work on Volume I Number 1 of the Fourteen Leaflet 12. An early meeting at Burton Court, University of Chicago. 13. Nebuchadnezzar, the club mascot, or, the perfect science fiction fan 14. Red and Blue room, Auditorium building, scene of 1936 meetings 15. Jack Binder at work in his studio (brother to the famed team of Eando 16. Otto Binder, the "O" half, at work on "Green Cloud of Space" 17. Latzer and Dennis, secretary and director, respectively, discussing the next order of business 18. Candid shot of Florence Reider and Bauer during business session 19. Boesel, Reider, Darrow and Bauer listen to remarks from the director.

The camera shots all were taken by William Dollenback and his Leica. In the next issue, we will present four large candid shots of 1937 sessions in action.

IN MEMORIAL

We pause to pay our respects to the memory of Arthur Hermann, who died recently. He was a charter member of the Chicago club and much of his work is evidenced in the early bulletins, which bear the mark of his intelligent and valuable advice. Arthurs Hermann will be missed, may he rest in peace.

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE FANTASY FAN

I fought my way thru a dense crowd of people, who pushed this way and that without regard for those about them. After what seemed an eternity of struggling, I reached my goal, and commenced to rise above the turmoil about me. All about me my companions stood, silently watching the earth recede. Soon the crowd below disappeared, and a new scene met my eyes. I was in a forest of many-colored branchless trees, which strongly resembled rolls of linoleum standing on end. This plane seemed to have few inhabitants, and I soon left it, rising to another even more strange than the first. Without hesitating, I journeyed higher and higher, until I entered one filled with smiling, noisy people, who stood watching the clattering contraptions which were on every hand. As I wandered about, I was not at all surprised to come upon old St. Nick, for it was almost Christmastime, and I had traveled up the moving stairway to the toy department of a downtown department store.

John A. Bauer.

I had been watching it for some time now... Green-yellow, with a flat ragged edge it was -- a sickly green-yellow. Just when I had first noticed it, I couldn't say. I stood there, fascinated, nay hypnotized, watching its creeping decadence, its gradual descent and imperceptible shift from jaundiced yellow to ochreous yellow to orange. Now it seemed leering over me, drawing the heart into my mouth and making me tremble with an strange fear -- and now it retreated to infinite distances, its shape but a point of pale yellow far beyond the reach of the farthest thing in the universe, a faint, forlorn speck. And now it seemed to hint and whisper of distant, eery things. And all the while it went downward, downward, downward -- deepening, saprophytic yellow, fulvous orange, and tawny red... But then, I shrugged off the spell and turned, as the ~~[illegible]~~ half-moon, a somber red, vanished below the water-horizon.

W. H. Dellenback.

FAN MAGAZINES

For those who collect s-f amateur publications, as an adjunct to their professional s-f collection, we offer this article as an aid. There have been such numbers of those fan mags, as they are called, published in the last few years -- the majority mimeographed and hectographed, and some few printed -- that it is hard to keep track of them. So many of them fold thier tents after a few months, as the silent Arabs did, and quietly steal away. We realish that this list is neither complete nor perfectly accurate.

Back in '30 and '31 we find the beginner of them all, the large mimeographed Cosmology, organ of the ~~[illegible]~~ original International Scientific Association, which began in June '30 as the Science Correspondence Club Organ.

In Jan. '31, Allen Glasser launched the famous The Time Traveller, printed except for issues 1 and 2. After 8 issues, in Sept. '32, it became The Science Fiction Digest, headed in turn by Maurice Z. Ingher, Conrad H. Ruppert, and Julius Schwartz. The name was changed to Fantasy Magazine with the Jan. [illegible] -ftr 39 issues, the best-known one of them [illegible] has suspended publication.

[illegible]

Fan Magazines continued:

Jerome Siegel of Cleveland put out 5 issues of Science Fiction -- mimeographed, Oct. '32 1st issue, devoted mainly to stories, 15¢. A mimeographed story, Guests of the Earth, preceded the first issue.

Of course, we know of Charles Hornig's The Fantasy Fan -- printed, Sept. '33 1st issue, ran 18 issues, 10¢.

We know, too, of William Crawford's Marvel Tales and Unusual Stories, most pretentious of amateur magazines, issued during '34 and '35, 5 of the former and 2 of the latter so far, printed. Mr. Crawford hopes to place a sixth issue of Marvel on the newsstands in the fall.

The following are now defunct --

M, Brooklyn Reporter, G. G. Clark, Brooklyn SFL, Feb. '35 1st issue, 5 issues, 10¢.
M, Arcturus, East NY SFL and later Ind. League for S-F, Dec'35 1st issue, 10¢.
M, The D'Journal, Bob Tucker's SPWSSTFM bulletin, Spring '35 only.
M, The Polymorphanucleated Leucocyte, Wollheim's anti-SPWSSTFM bulletin, a one-sheet affair.
H, Astonishing Stories, D. A. Wollheim, May '35 only.
P, Fanciful Tales, D. A. Wollheim and Wilson Shepherd, Fall '36 only, 20¢.
M, The Planeteer, Jim Bllsh, Nov.'35 1st issue, 10¢.
? Fantasy Fiction Telegram, John Baltadonis, ?
M & P, The Science Fiction News, Dan McPhail, Dec.'35 1st issue, Oct. Nov. and Dec. '36 issues were printed, 10¢.
M, Doings of the Lincoln SFL, 3 issues during the first of '35,
H, The Purple Flash, D. A. Wollheim, NY SFL, May '35 only.
? The Ink Blot, for Erie SFL members only, '35.
H, S-F Review, R. L. Holland Jr. ?

The following are still being issued --

M, The Fourteen Leaflet, Chcago SFL, Nov.'35 1st issue, 5¢ thru issue 8.
P, Phantagraph, D. A. Wollheim, July-Aug. '35 vol.4.no.1., before that 5¢. Bulletin of the Terrestral Fantascience Guild.
M, The International Observer, Int. Cosmos Science Club now termed ISA, June-July '35 was vol.1.no.10, 1st issue ?, John B. Mahel, 10¢.
P, The Science Fiction Critic, Claire P. Beck, Nov.'35 1st issue, 1st issue called S-F Review, 1st 2 issues mimeo, 10¢.
M, Novae Terrae. Nuneaton SFL, March '36 1st issue, 5¢.
P, Scientifiction, Walter H. Gillings, Jan.'37 1st issue, 5¢.
P, Science-Fantasy Correspondent, Willis Conover, Dec.'36 1st issue, 10¢.
H & P, The Science Fiction Fan, Olon F. Wiggins, July '36 1st issue, 10¢, 1st 4 were printed.
M, Tessaract, C. Hamilton Bloomer, SFAA, April '36 1st issue, 10¢.
H, Science Fiction Collector, Morris S. Dollens, May '36 1st issue, 10¢.
H, Fantasy Fiction Digest, Dollens, section in #7 Collector, Jan.'37 1st issue.
H, The Phantasy World, D. A. Kyle, April '37 1st issue, 10¢.
P, Helios, Sam Moskowitz, June '37 1st issue, 5¢.
? Mind of Man, Harry Dockweiler, ?

The following have been announced but have not yet appeared -- Fantascience Digest, John Baltadonis; The Science Fiction World, H. S. Kirby, 10¢; The Mutant, Harry Dockweiler; The Atom, Richard Wilson, Jr., 10¢; Fantasia, Geo. R. Hahn, 5¢; and Phantastique, Bill Miller, 5¢.

The following titles have been seen at times, but no magazines have ever been published to our knowledge --

Comment, Superfluous Stories, The Comet, Supra-~~[illegible]~~ Mundane Stories, Phantasmagoria, Fantasy Mirror, New Zealand S-F Bulletin, Curious, Odd,

Fan Magazines continued:

Fantastic, Bewildering, Nova, and Grotesque.

In the above: H -- hectographed, M -- mimeographed, P -- printed. The prices were the publication values. We wld be glad of corrections and additions to the above list -- if we receive enough, we will publish an addenda in the next issue or so.

H. A. Dittmann, Jr.
W. H. Dellenback.

In connection here -- the Chicago Science Fiction Club will be glad to trade issues of The 14 Leaflet ~~[illegible]~~ with other serious club and amateur journals. For this and inquiries about back-numbers of The 14 Leaflet, address Leaflet Manager, Milton Latzer, 6417 S. California Ave., Chicago.

MEETINGS

Three meetings have been held by the Chicago Science Fiction Club this winter season, 1936-37. The first -- October 18, at Jack Darrow's home. Those present were Reider, Latzer, Bauer, Rushakoff, Dittmann, Soltis, Dellenback, and Darrow. An informal, enjoyable evening was had, with discussion of s-f stories and of the club's activities. At the end of the evening, Darrow served an orange pulp drink.

The second meeting -- February 7, at our former meeting place at Burton Court. Present were McDermott, Latzer, Darrow, Dellenback, Bauer, DeJack, Funk, Dittmann, and a guest of Dittman's. First off, there ensued a discussion of science fiction, its improvement, and the policies of the various newsstand magazines. Then the future of the Chicago SFL was taken up. Conclusions reached were that our club was to meet henceforth quarterly, that the organization of the club and the meetings was to be very informal, with Harold Dittmann, Jr. acting as manager of the meetings, that we would attempt to issue our Leaflet quarterly, making that the center and main activity of the meetings, and that sometime in the future when the need or the opportunity arose we would increase the frequency of our meeting and the scope of the programs. Next, William Dellenback read to the members from the book Ultima, by John and Ruth Vassos, and passed a second copy around for inspection. Then, refreshments, consisting of doughnuts and popcorn and cherry cider, were passed around. Finally, pictures for our Spring issue of the Leaflet were taken, dues were collected, and the members dispersed.

The third meeting -- May 2, at Burton Court. Present were Dennis, Dellenback, Darrow, Latzer, Dittmann, DeJack, Bauer, Reider, Rushakoff, Soltis. As we had decided before, the meeting revolved around the preparation of the Leaflet -- members finishing articles, cutting stencils, and mounting the photos. During a respite, ice cream and cake were procured and quickly consumed. Darrow, DeJack, and Dellenback undertook the task of cutting the remaining stencils and mimeographing the bulletin the following week up north, with Latzer to mail them out upon completion. Before adjourning, a copy of Real Spicy Horror Tales, a burlesque upon pulp magazines, was passed around and much enjoyment was derived from Latzer's reading [illegible] of

[illegible] at [illegible] [illegible]

Notice: Our next meeting will be held Sunday, August 1st, 4:00 p.m., at the home of Jack Darrow. All members are asked to bring a contribution for our summer Leaflet. Any science fiction enthusiast in Chicago who would come to attend, is welcome. Contact Harold Dittmann, Jr.

LETTER 2

Dear Ralf:

Well, here I am, on Mars -- or, shall I say, in Mars? I have gone from the landing field to a Venusian hotel, and the change of air from the Earth air on the ship to the Venusian in the hotel was quite welcome. Earth air is all right, but I don't like it very much.

I'm going out now to explore Mars, that is, the ~~of~~ capitol or key city of Mars, Imperis. I have dressed in my new Martian outfit, and I am ready to go.

Well, I have just returned. The darkly red sky in the day time turns purple by night -- so deep a purple as to be almost black. There are plenty of lights in the Earth section of the city, for, you see, the people of Earth seem to relie on night life, even on a different planet. The rest of the planet is comparatively dark, as the other planetary peoples do not care to be out at night. I went over to the Earth section, as quite a number of people go there, more to watch the Earthians than to take part in any of their affairs.

I took a sort of underground tube to the section and alighted on a well-lighted underground platform. I was taken up to the surface in an elevator -- there is another Earth idea I do not like. You get in a small cage and are lifted at a terrific rate of speed to whatever level you are going. Such speed, surely, is not necessary! The surface platform was rather crowded, as quite a few Earthians had just arrived on the same space ship as I had.

The buildings on Mars are all built of a beautiful semi-opaque green stone, which is so ~~xx~~ smooth it looks like glass. In the Earth section, the streets are not used for pedestrians during the day; as the heavier vehicular traffic rushes past swiftly, and it is dangerous to frequent any but the special moving sidewalks. At night, however, there is no traffic and the streets are empty of vehicels -- they are lighted up with many large spotlights, which reflect the pale green of the buildings against the dark sky, and the people have dances in the streets, accompanied by the inevitable orchestra playing the music peculiar to Earth. There really is not any part that anyone can take in the entertainment, except the Earthians, and, anyway, everyone except them come to watch.

Tomorrow I'm going to go over the rest of the city, and I'll let you know about it later. So long for now --

Jon.

(By Florence Reider.)

GET AWAY

It was the roar of the crowd that hammered at Hanton as he slept and the rocking of his head from side to side that waked him.

A thickset arm mingled with a square jawed face, before Hanton's heavy eyes grew light enough to set the face apart. Damn it! Why couldn't Steve Winter let a man get his rest in peace?

"Go 'way, Steve, will ya."

The thick arm became a whip. It snapped ~~from~~ him from side to side. "Get up, John, get up!" The whip became a paddle. It ~~xxx~~ smacked him -- whack!

"Ow! Hell, Steve, cantcha let a guy sleep?" Hanton slid back between the covers. Then he saw Steve's face. It stared at him through the semi darkness, white, the square jaw squarer than ever.

Steve said, "He got away," -- his every word a tick of time.

Get-away continued:

The man in the bed lay still. Slowly he stretched to full length under the sheets. They crackled softly. "You mean --?"

Minter nodded.

"Olin Garth?"

"Yes."

"And that crowd below--"

"Yes, John, they know."

"God!"

The man who stood was silent.

Then-- "It's ghastly, Steve."

Minter's head came up. "Eh?"

"I mean -- about Garth."

"Um-m. There'll be no stomping him now. And once he clears the planetoids and hits the outer belt-"

"That's just it, Steve. Once he does."

Minter's brow wrinkled. "What do you mean?"

"I -- Look, Steve; remember when we got Garth the first time. Remember when we carried him in and left him in his cell?"

"Uh-huh. Then he screamed, and we came running, and there was Garth, yelling and pointing at the wall--"

"Do you remember what was on the wall, Steve?"

"Sure, a shadow."

"Ashadow of what, Steve?"

"Why, of that little grey thing we saw scurrying across the floor."

"But what did it look like, Steve?"

"Like a man, by God!"

"More specifically, like Olin Garth."

There was a catch in Minter's voice. "God, yes! And that night he beat his head against the bars--"

"Because," John Hanton broke in gently, "he saw the shadow of the guard's hat and cape thrown in relief on the wall above his bunk."

"And the shadow, in every detail, was Olin Garth."

"-- He got away in our ship, Steve?"

"Yes, John, [illegible] "

[illegible]

"Yes, John, but I don't see how--"

"Wait. What's the maximum on our ship, after the two zone build up?"

"210,000 miles per second."

"How long can that be kept up?"

"Why, twelve, possibly, fifteen hours."

"Steve, listen, listen carefully now."

"Go ahead."

"What's the speed of light?"

Minter smiled, "Come John."

"What is it?"

"186,000 m.p.s."

"Don't you see it, Steve?"

"Afraid not."

"Steve, that new cell we installed. It catches light coming and going."

"You mean -- "

"Garth's been missed how long?"

"It's now 11:00. Since 12 midnight."

"Due any minute."

"How's that?"

"You say he's been gone 11 hours. The maximum speed holds out for 12 to 15. Any moment he'll slow down, below the speed of light. When that happens, the light of the ship, going forward, will meet Olin Garth, slowing up. When that happens-- "

"Olin Garth will see, not the shadow of a rat, not the coat of a guard, but--"

"Exactly. Garth will see himself, face to face, under conditions never before dreamed of by any man. And when the puny shdows in the cell set him screaming--"

"God." Steve's whisper floated through the room, and filled it with silence.

"Olin Garth may escape the prisons of man, he may evade the judgement of God, but -- " Hanton gestured sweepingly towards the stars, gleaming palely in the blackness of space -- "he will never get away from himself."

Max Rushkoff.

ONLY A NIGHT

Blug, forbear of a mighty race, stood, perplexed and annoyed, outside the rocky entrance to his newly-made cavern. Perplexed, because his slow mind could figure no way to remove the huge protecting boulder from the doorway and, therefore, annoyed, because it meant the denial from him that eve of his mate, waiting patiently within, and the added inconvenience of a night spent in the outdoors, now uncomfortably dank with the advent of the rainy season.

But then, ways and means, especially if intricate, had always taxed his primitive brain -- these he had left to his brother Ugh. It was Ugh and his cleverness of mind, he recalled apathetically, who had saved Larla and himself and managed to find the protected valley when the disaster had overwhelmed the remnants of their tribe, already meager from a particularly adverse and calamitous season. It was Ugh also, he recalled, who had managed a fire when they reached the cold valley after their frenzied flight. It was Ugh who had discovered that the cavern made a safe and pleasant sleeping place and who had devised a way of covering the entrance. And, he recalled with somewhat more animation, it was Ugh who of late had increasingly usurped Larla to the point where she was almost indifferent to him, Blug.

It was not hard, and true vengeance, he reasoned -- that afternoon: an easy saunter to his brother's unsuspecting side with his bludgeon behind his back and a sudden blow when Ugh turned to gaze over the valley -- except that, in falling, Ugh had taken with him the large lever for prying the boulder away from the cave's door.

Oh well, on the morrow... He shrugged in dumb forbearance, and shambled off to his former nightly resting place in a thicket...

* *

"Aha," Jason Grandstone rubbed his hands together, "One night's inconvenience; is it not worth it?" The Patriarch, as he was known thru-out the globe, was, though disputed, fast toward becoming the controller of the properties and conveniences, and therefore the lives and liberties, of the teeming millions that comprised the globe's population. Head of Communications, Inc., Inter-continental Transportations, Western-Hem Food-Combine, and a host of other corporations, he was one of the three Co-Ordinators of World Light-and-Power.

That night, he admitted gleefully to himself, he had "pulled a fast one!" Very useful was that contraption of Georges Sandrocks, the young inventor, the idealist, who had come to him as the kindly, almost venerable, head of much of the world's industries, with his discovery of an utterly new and vastly potent type of power. "How it would benefit the most number of people," he had said. "Yes indeed," had muttered the evangelist, his eyes lighting craftily. Now at last a real use for the Electricity-Inhibiter that his engineers had developed!

The two -- Sandrock's power and Grandstone's devices -- installed secretly in all the energy-centers in the world, had killed overnite the globe's electrical power. Of course, it would take some time for Sandrock's energy to build up, but when it did, the many other powerful and hostile concerns -- Eastern-Hem Food Productions, Polar Developments Inc., and the rest -- would all fold up, and he, Jason Grandstone, the Patriarch, would stand Head of World Light-and-Power and undisputed monarch of the globe!

And Sandrock? -- Ah, yes, Sandrock! Of course, he was not informed of the other factor in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible], too, he was

Only a Night continued:

paid well, as had been promised, except that there was one other thing he had not been informed of -- that his day of success was to end in death. And now, till the morrow, what was one night of inconvenience?...

* *

Urhla-43 was panic-stricken! The Defenses were down and would not return! The Simlah-3 had bribed him -- enough that-units to enable him, Urhla, Keeper of the Defenses, to live with Seelah, his chosen one, for forty cycles or more in the realms of the upper vibrations. An unheard-of privilege for a second-degree Drem. It had really seemed relatively harmless -- to lower the Defenses for merely a quarter to enable Simlah-3, a first-degree Drem and one of the lower council of seven, to send his vibrations out to the plains of the maximal-mels and the oscillating refractions to conduct experimentation in that-absolvation... but Urhla knew no further.

That the Simlah did something, as far as he could understand it, something that had been condemned by the Council for six hundred cycles, that the Simlah acted not for the welfare of all the That-Drems, was not of moment to Urhla. Surely, Simlah-3 had cajoled him -- perhaps his more powerful that-vibrations weakened Urhla's only moderately advanced intellect -- at any rate, in the end, during the second quiescent quarter, Urhla lowered the Defenses.

And now, when he had tentatively, in a moment of apprehension, attempted to return them, he found he was unable! But then, perhaps the dormant faculties of the Drems during the second silent quarter had so decreased the energy-plane that the Defenses could not integrate. On the morrow, at the advent of the third quarter, the increased basal that-level would enable him to return them. Slowly, panic subsided...

* *

"Your Grace: We report now of the disastrous and fatal effect of the bombardment we have been pursuing for so long upon the system of the small yellow star in the star-cloud near the center of our galaxy. Fortunate indeed for our universe will be the time when we manage to catch up with and destroy this mysterious and deadly emanation which has come from the depths of inter-galactic void.

"As we have reported before, our preliminary experiments have shown it to be utterly lethal to all forms of carbonaceous life. The only shields we have discovered thus far are certain forms of mineral-bearing rock, the presence of electrical energy in active quantity, and that-web vibrations of at least 22 c.p. power.

"Three of the inner planets give evidences of protoplasmic intelligence in different stages of development, but, except for a form of siliceous growth on one of the outer planets, the solar system is now devoid of life.

"We will continue to report at intervals."

-- Signal Commander X-9, His Grace's Patrol Fleet 1-N.

W. H. Dollentack.

A BIT OF TRAVESTY ON F.L. LETTERS BY ONE WHO WRITES THEM.

Editor: Frightful Tales,

I am but 6½ years of age and have been reading your marvelous magazine for the past 17 years --- ever since I was a boy. I think it's wonderful, your magazine (or should I say OUR magazine) I mean. The illustrations are punk, except those by Paul --- he being the reason why I think Frightful Tales is so frightfully well illustrated.

Your smooth edges are always cutting my fingers. Couldn't you have rough ones? I think your readers are Horrid. They're always complaining about something. A magazine can't be perfect -- especially Frightful.

There was something also --- oh yes, the stories. I enjoyed them all --- except Blotto Sinder's, "White Swan Who Floats in a Sea of Milk in a Blizzard at the North Pole in the Winter Time." In the first place so much milk could hardly be obtained in large enough quantities to make a sea. Where would all the cows come from? Also, in such cold temperatures a white swan could hardly float -- the milk being frozen. You've heard of ducks caught in the ice, haven't you? And, why did the story have to take place in the winter time? The Pole can have blizzards in summer also --- it's cold then too, you know. There are no white swans at the North Pole anyway, and besides I consider the whole thing very silly.

Hack Harrow.

(It is a pleasure to receive a letter from one so young from the Antipodes. Letters from the fairer sex always intrigue us. We think you a bit hasty in your remarks, as young readers are wont to be. We get the pun in your comment on our illustrators. We think Paul will bear the news well. Paul-bearer --- heh, heh. We don't know exactly what to do about the edges. If they were rough, our readers would probably saw their fingers off. Perhaps if we had no edges ---. In the meantime, we recommend iodine. Your comment of our readers is appreciated. It is letters like yours that make us feel as tho we were doing a good job. Your comments on Mr. Sinder's frightful tale are uncalled for. After all we can't please all of our readers. How do you know there are no White Swans at the North Pole; have you ever been there? Our author has and brought back a tote of the scene in question. In answer to your remark on the milk being frozen -- milk freezes at a lower temperature than water. Milk keeps better when frozen anyway. Again we thank you for your constructive criticism. We hope our future issues will please you as well.

T O' Frightful Slow.)

(By Jack Darrow.)

NOTE

An item I believe would be of immense interest to all readers of science fiction came to my attention at our last meeting. It is a remarkably clever burlesque of the contents of all pulp magazines -- their stories, their illustrations, their letters, and their advertisements. The magazine in question is called, in mockery, Real Spicy Horror Tales, and is published, dated April 1937, by the Yale Record Publishing Co., New Haven, Connecticut. Copies, which would be well-worth any collector's interest to have in his collection, can be obtained at 25¢ - provided they have any left.

Milton Letzer.

ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES

For the benefit of the members, an account of the dues collected and our expenditures is presented here. Mar 2 meeting: $1.50 collected and spent for refreshments. $5.50 dues collected, plus $1.25 dues from the previous meeting -- total $6.75. $3.50 spent -- stencils, 2.20 -- paper, 1.00 photos -- total spent $6.70. The balance of $.05 is turned over to Milton Letzer, who will present an account at the next meeting of the money collected for subscriptions and the money expended for postage. We note here that our expenses for next bulletin will be only for paper and photos, as there are approximately a dozen stencils now left on hand.

Twenty-five copies of this issue of the Leaflet have been prepared without photos, and fifty copies with photos, most of the latter going to the members.

J. D. and W. H. D.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from members are of course free. Outside advertisements are on an exchange basis with other fan publications.

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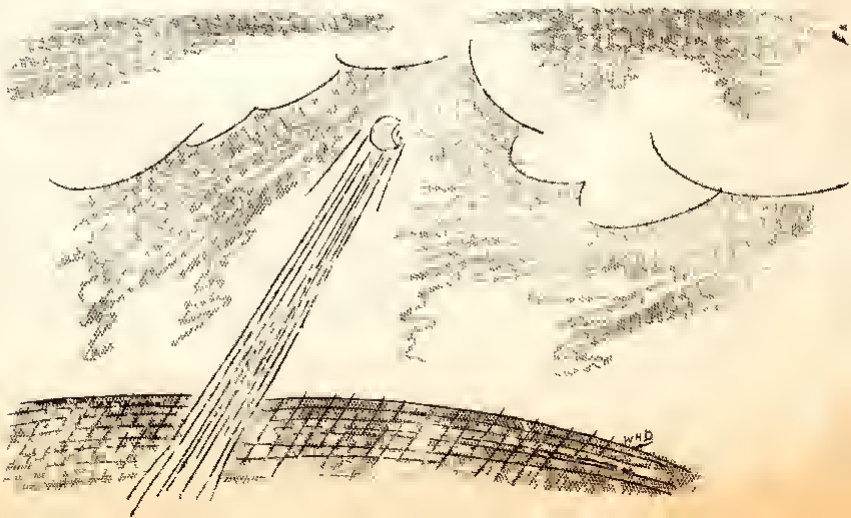
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